

is doomed to suffer martyrdom.

We are told that this is a matter between Father McGlynn and his superiors; that we must not defend his course, forsooth, because we may thereby incur hostility in our struggle against the giant wrong of landlordism.

Must we tremble and remain passive while such a man is suffering for our principles? Must we be silent while his heart bleeds in our cause? No, never! the cowardly suggestion is unworthy of the great cause in which we are engaged. The Catholic Church is not involved in this controversy, but the assumption, by bishops or cardinals, of temporal authority to suppress a great political movement for the extension of liberty and the improvement of social conditions cannot be tolerated by any man fit to be called an American citizen.

Archbishop Corrigan's claim that the taxation of land to the extent of its rental value is contrary to a dogma of the Catholic church is too ridiculous for argument, especially since every true knows that the owners of land in

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ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S EXPLANATION.

On Jan. 18 the committee appointed by the parishioners of St. Stephen's wrote a respectful letter to the archbishop, requesting an interview. On Jan. 19, it appears from a letter which Archbishop Corrigan himself has given to the press that he arrogantly told them in reply that "in the Catholic church bishops give an account of their official action to their superiors when occasion requires, and not to those under their charge." He nevertheless condescendingly added that as a matter of fact he was willing to state the reasons for his action in Dr. McGlynn's case, provided the doctor would express, in writing, a desire to that effect. So far as the public are informed Dr. McGlynn did not express this desire, either in writing or in any other way; but the ink was hardly dry upon his letter to the committee when Archbishop Corrigan gave to the press what he calls a simple, straightforward and final statement of the facts in the case.

It did not need the brief declaration which this pronouncement of the archbishop has called forth from Dr. McGlynn, who in this, for the first time, breaks the silence he has all along maintained, to show to the careful reader that what the archbishop calls "a simple and straightforward statement of the facts in the case," is in reality a piece of pitiful potboiling, in which suppression of documents and parts of documents is made to give a false color to important particulars—particulars as to which the Catholic mind is especially sensitive. For a full and straightforward statement of facts it is evident that the public will have to wait until Dr. McGlynn shall feel able to make it.

But Archbishop Corrigan's statement is straightforward enough in what to the general public is the matter of the greatest importance. He makes no pretence whatever of disguising the fact that the offense for which the foremost priest on the American continent has been, so far as ecclesiastical power could compass it, silenced, degraded and ruined, is that he ventured, in purely political matters to express opinions different from those prescribed for him.

With an astounding and evidently unadvised frankness, Archbishop Corrigan declares to the American public that American priests, no matter what their political convictions, must be governed in American politics by orders from Rome. He unblushingly asserts that Dr. McGlynn, an American citizen, was in 1882 under penalty of being suspended from his vocation as the pastor of a congregation of American citizens in the American city of New York, compelled to promise to abstain from publicly expressing sympathy with the peaceful struggle of a friendly people against agitating tyranny, and was in 1883 compelled to promise to abstain from such expressions of sympathy, even for charitable objects, because, forsooth, the Italian cardinals of the propaganda, with whom the English agent Errington was then carrying on a successful intrigue, objected to it; that he was in 1886, on the ground of orders from a foreign country, forbidden to attend a certain meeting relating to the municipal politics of New York, or to take part in any political meeting "without permission of the sacred congregation of propaganda" in Rome; that he was actually suspended because he addressed a political meeting against "the distinct wishes of the S. C. of Propaganda"; that he was again suspended because in some sort of an utterance (most likely a newspaper interview) he expressed an opinion with reference to the public policy of an American community that in Archbishop Corrigan's imagination ran counter to some "statement of the holy father," and that this suspension was finally made continuous and an American citizen deprived of his livelihood, because he refused to retract certain politico-economic convictions at the bidding of Rome, and failed to proceed to Italy to be questioned and punished for his course in American affairs.

The brutal boorishness with which Archbishop Corrigan utterly ignores Dr. McGlynn's reasons for not proceeding to Rome; the manner in which Dr. McGlynn has been repeatedly ordered to cross the Atlantic in the dead of winter, despite the fact that his physician, Dr. Shradly, one of the most eminent in this country—the editor of a leading medical journal, and one of the physicians called upon to attend President Garfield and Gen. Grant—positively forbade the trip, declaring that at present it might be fatal, is a matter which concerns the personal character of Messrs. Corrigan and Simeoni, and which is only of interest to the general public as showing that it is not necessary to be a gentleman to arrive at high dignity in the Catholic church. But the fact that a Catholic archbishop claims, by virtue of authority derived from a foreign country, to absolutely dictate the political course of American citizens, and that an American priest can be stripped of all that he holds dear and be banished to Europe to be interrogated,

and punished for his course in American politics, is of the very highest importance not only to the American Catholics, but to the whole American people. If Archbishop Corrigan and Cardinal Simeoni do truly represent the Catholic church, then Catholicism is utterly inconsistent with free institutions, and in it we have in our midst a secret, irresponsible political machine, which may be used by domestic schemers or foreign enemies to undermine and destroy the republic.

In the second issue of THE STANDARD I stated that in the last election Archbishop Corrigan not only wanted to defeat a certain candidate, but also wanted to defeat the call for a constitutional convention; that he communicated with priests to influence them to vote against the convention, and that at a gathering where one of these priests endeavored to carry out the wishes of the archbishop a proposition was made to get hold of the bags containing ballots in favor of the convention and destroy them.

Archbishop Corrigan saw fit through a Herald reporter to say that this statement was false, and through a Tribune reporter that it was ridiculous; whereupon I stated in the last number of THE STANDARD that if he would come out over his own signature and make an unequivocal denial, I would either give my authority or retract the statement. In the meantime, as showing that such interference in politics was nothing new on the part of Archbishop Corrigan, I referred to the fact that as Bishop of Newark some years ago he sought in a similar way to influence the priests of his diocese to defeat certain proposed amendments to the constitution of New Jersey.

Archbishop Corrigan has not seen fit to make the denial I called for, nor do I think he is likely to. If he does, however, I stand ready either to substantiate the statement or to make public retraction.

In the interval the New York Herald has hunted up the facts in the New Jersey episode to which I referred. In 1875 amendments to the constitution of New Jersey were submitted to the vote of the people of that state. These amendments prohibited the legislature from granting special privileges to corporations, associations or individuals, and from making special laws in reference to the management and support of public schools; prohibited the donation of land, money, property or credit by the state or any municipal corporation to any individual, association or corporation; forbade counties, cities and towns from becoming security for, or directly or indirectly the owner of any stocks or bonds of any association or corporation, and required the legislature to provide for the support of a thorough and efficient system of free public schools.

A few days before the election Archbishop Corrigan, then bishop of Newark, issued the following letter to the priests of his diocese, a copy of which was obtained by the Newark Daily Advertiser and published by it on the evening preceding the election. Its authenticity has never been denied:

NEWARK, Sept. 3, 1875.
Reverend and Dear Sir—Having taken legal advice, I am informed that by the new constitutional amendments clerical property is liable to taxation. This would involve so heavy an additional burden to the diocese that I feel it my duty to recommend you to INSTRUCT your people to strike out the objectionable clause, or, better still, to make assurance doubly sure, let them strike out the whole ballot.

It is not enough to abstain from voting; let them vote, and vote against the amendment.

Very truly yours,
MICHAEL, Bishop of Newark.

P. S.—Remember that our people must cancel by pen or pencil the whole ballot and then vote it thus canceled, in order to protest against injustice.

Remember also that the special election in regard to these constitutional amendments will take place next Tuesday, Sept. 7.

Observe the phraseology. The archbishop, with the absolute power of removal and promotion in his hands, recommends to his priests to INSTRUCT their people how to vote on a most important constitutional amendment. This is the power which Archbishop Corrigan uses, as he claims, at the behest of Italian cardinals.

The true story of how this letter of Bishop Corrigan's got into print has never been publicly told, although it has been laughed over many a time in the private gatherings of Catholic clergy, when they felt secure from archiepiscopal eavesdroppers. Many of the priests of the Newark diocese felt humiliated and outraged by Bishop Corrigan's interference in politics then, just as many of the priests of this diocese feel humiliated and outraged by Archbishop Corrigan's interference in politics now, but being absolutely under his thumb, none of them dared to say a word. There was, however, in the diocese a German priest, whose knowledge of English was so extremely limited that he interpreted the word "confidential" written across the bishop's letter to mean "confide all"—that is to say, "tell everybody"; "publish this broadcast," and finding privately that this was his notion of "confidential," some American priests took means to quietly intimate to a Newark Advertiser reporter that he had better go to see the German priest and ask for a copy of the bishop's letter, as a matter of course. The reporter went; the German priest instantly complied, glad to get the opportunity to obey what he thought was the injunction of his bishop, the Newark Advertiser published the letter, and the waggish priests had a laugh which comes back yet whenever the incident is recalled.

But it is not for the sake of the good story that I refer to this incident; it is as illustrating the feelings of the Catholic clergy. On another page of this paper are published an editorial from the Catholic Herald and a Brooklyn Times interview with a priest whose name is not given, but who will be widely recognized as the foremost of the Irish Catholic clergymen of that city. By both of these authorities the

assertion is made that the majority of the Catholic priests are in hearty sympathy with Dr. McGlynn, and from my own knowledge I believe this to be the case. If the Catholic priests were not so absolutely under the dominion of their bishops they would now be the loudest in protesting against the slavish doctrines which Archbishop Corrigan, backed by the papal authorities, is trying to impose upon them as Catholicism.

But there is now no question about the feeling of the masses of the Catholic laity. If any proof had been needed, the manner in which the immense assemblage at Madison Square garden received Michael Davitt's endorsement of Dr. McGlynn and his denunciation of Cardinal Simeoni, and especially the thunders of applause, renewed and renewed again, that greeted his repetition of O'Connell's words, "All the religion that you like from Rome, but no politics," would have been sufficient to convince anyone that American Catholics, and especially American Catholics of Irish blood, resent Archbishop Corrigan's interpretation of Catholicism as an insult to them and a slander on their religion, and are prepared to maintain their political independence against archbishop, cardinal or the pope himself.

It is instructive to observe that, although Michael Davitt saw fit at first to echo the cry that in defending Dr. McGlynn I had attacked the Catholic church, yet no sooner does he come to New York and attempt in the most moderate way to express his feelings upon the outrage, than the same cry goes up that he has attacked the Catholic church. And it is instructive to observe as showing the notions of the man, that Archbishop Corrigan declared to a Tribune reporter, that—

"Cardinal Simeoni is the holy father's secretary. What he does is done under the direction of the pope himself. Consequently, to attack the cardinal is equivalent to attacking the holy father. Mr. Davitt might just as well have attacked him as his secretary."

Archbishop Corrigan's notion is evidently that the pope is the infallible guide in politics as well as in faith, and that this sort of infallibility attaches not only to his secretary, but to all his ecclesiastical inferiors in all parts of the world.

A Catholic prelate, according to Corrigan, can meddle in politics as much as he chooses, and can command his priests to instruct their people how to vote on any question of man or measure, but if anyone dares to remonstrate, he is insulting religion and attacking the church.

This may be the sort of Catholicism that Archbishop Corrigan believes in and that the Italian reactionists of the propaganda are trying to rivet on the Catholic world in order to use it to beat back the march of democracy; but it is not Catholicism as it is understood by Irish and American Catholics, and as it has been taught by the theologians of the church. According to the most eminent Catholic writers, the pope is no more than a common man, subject to all the weaknesses and frailties of a common man, save when he is speaking *ex cathedra* [literally "from the chair," as we would say of a judge, "from the bench"] in his official capacity, to the universal church, on matters of faith or doctrine.

This is what Dr. McGlynn evidently means when he declares that as a Catholic he would renounce his convictions on the land question if the pope were in this way to condemn them. As a Catholic, Dr. McGlynn believes that the pope could not do this, even if he tried; that Divine Providence would interpose, just as in the biblical record it interposed in the case of Balaam.

As showing Catholic teaching on the limits of church authority, we commend to Archbishop Corrigan and to his backers of the press a standard Catholic work called "The Faith of Catholics," published first in the early part of this century by Fathers Berington and Kirk, two eminent English priests, revised by Father Waterworth and published in this country, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Capel, "domestic prelate of Pope Leo XIII., member of the congregation of the signature, priest of the archdiocese of Westminster," etc., and which has been endorsed from time to time by no end of Catholic authorities. On the last page of the first volume of this work they will find, printed in large italic type, in order to give it greater prominence, the following proposition:

EXTENT OF THE INERRANCY OF THE CHURCH.
PROPOSITION XL.

It is no article of the Catholic faith that the church cannot err, either in matters of fact not relating to faith, or in matters of discipline, things alterable by the circumstances of time and place; or in matters of speculation or civil policy, depending on mere human judgment or testimony. These things are no revelations deposited in the church in regard of which alone she has the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit.

The "fly in the ointment" in Michael Davitt's otherwise magnificent speech was his intimation that Dr. McGlynn ought to go to Rome. The true ring came from that Catholic audience in cries of "No, no; let Rome come to him." And in truth, Michael Davitt's whole speech was an impassioned argument why the American priest should not go to Rome (otherwise known as Cardinal Simeoni). From his own statement, it is about time that Rome should understand, from both Irish and American Catholics, that it has nothing whatever to do with their politics.

A vague notion seems to prevail in some quarters that Dr. McGlynn has been called to Rome in order to present his views and discuss the land question. The cable dispatches given to the public by the archbishop must dispel this notion. Dr. McGlynn is ordered by Cardinal Simeoni to retract in writing his views upon the land question, and to go to Rome. If he cannot do the one, what is the use of his

doing the other? The terrible things that are to be done to him, because as an American citizen he has such strong political opinions of his own that he cannot automatically take up others at the dictation of ecclesiastical princelings, might as well be done here as in Rome.

In the meantime the continued outrages on the parishioners of St. Stephen's speak for themselves.
HENRY GEORGE.

WAR TALK AND WHAT IS BEHIND IT.

The "war talk" in the senate on the passage of the Edmunds-Payne bill, giving to the president the power of adopting retaliatory measures toward Canada for her treatment of our fishermen, was buncombe of the most ridiculous kind. There is no reason why there should be even the shadow of a thought of war between England and the United States. England has nothing to gain by going to war with us, and we have nothing to gain by going to war with England. An armed conflict between the two nations would be merely the causeless destruction of thousands of millions of property, the murder in agonizing ways of thousands of men in the prime of life, the maiming of other thousands and the depriving of vast numbers of women and children of their natural protectors and bread winners, the aggrandizement of corrupt rings, and the sowing of seeds of bitterness and hatred, to bear their crop in future generations. Neither nation could possibly gain anything by it, while both would be certain to lose enormously.

Whatever trouble we may have with Canada has for its bottom cause that foolish, mean and anti-social policy mis-called "protection." We can practically annex Canada whenever we please, and make the whole continent north of the Mexican line the common country of one homogeneous people, in which there will be no more thought of war than there is today between New York and New Jersey. This we can do by merely abolishing the tariff which erects an artificial barrier between the free intercourse of our people with their brethren of British America. Canada would very gladly follow our example, and the products of the two countries could exchange as freely as now do those of any two states in the American Union. With this unrestricted trade would come such an intimate intercourse as would blend the two peoples into one. If Canada chose to keep up her separate political institutions, and to fly the British flag on her public buildings instead of the Stars and Stripes, it would make no difference to us, and but little difference to them. But in the course of a few years the inevitable tendency would be to make the union in name what it would already have become in reality.

But this war talk, which everybody knows is mere solemn foolery, is made a pretext to urge costly preparations against dangers which nobody really fears. A concerted effort is being made by the steel and iron rings, backed by the sentiment in favor of a strong government, to commit our people to the policy of fortifying their coasts; and in double-loaded articles the journalistic organs of monopoly shriek out that our great cities are at the mercy of the first comer, and that we have no forts, no guns, no ships, fit to withstand the attack of an enemy!

Well, suppose we have not; neither have we any enemy. With the jealousies and hatreds and greeds that make Europe an armed camp we have nothing whatever to do. We have no cause of quarrel with any nation on earth, and no nation on earth can have any disposition to quarrel with us. Mexico is not going to invade us; Canada is not going to attack us; and there is not one of the great European powers, nor all of them combined, that could find anything but loss in a war with the United States.

In the infancy of the republic, when our weakness might have exposed us to insult or injury, and even to the dream of conquest on the part of a great European power, there might have been some sense in spending money on fortifications and war ships; but a nation of sixty millions of people—as a whole the richest, the most intelligent, the most active and the most inventive of any people on earth—we are to-day the strongest nation in the world, and every year that passes increases our strength. With the close of the century our sixty millions will be nearly one hundred millions; and in all the essentials which enable a nation to fight when need be, we shall tower among the great powers as a giant among ordinary men. The fighting ability of a nation does not depend upon its standing armies and war ships and ironclad fortifications, but on the numbers and wealth and patriotism of its people, on the credit which they can command, and on their ability to stand taxation. And if it be true that in time of peace we ought to prepare for war, then the best way of preparing for war is not to erect forts and build ironclads, but to give free play to industrial energy. A thousand men engaged in productive occupations, and thus adding to the general wealth, are a better preparation for war than ten thousand men idling away their time in guarding forts and eating up the wealth that others produce.

And the American people are being urged to build themselves steel forts and huge ironclads just at a time when the progress of invention makes it certain that the steel forts and ironclad ships are to be as antiquated in the warfare of the future as suits of mail and crossbows are to-day.

The development of the torpedo and submarine gun will show in the next great war that the enormous sums which Europe has spent in plating ships with iron and steel have been thrown away, and that these monsters, constructed at such enormous cost, are, in the presence of an active enemy armed with the latest scientific weapons, but weighted coffins for their crews. So, too, is it certain that the art of navigating the air, or at least of launching

aerial explosive-bearers, has already so far advanced that steelclad fortresses are now as useless as the stone forts which the last generation erected. There is no more sense in the American republic building itself steelclad forts and ironclad ships than there would be in Charles A. Dana rigging himself up in a thirteenth century suit of armor and carrying a matchlock through the streets of New York.

But there are other purposes behind all this talk of the necessity of putting the republic in a state of preparation for war. In the first place, there is in the building of ironclads and the erection of forts a great deal of money for contractors and rings. In the second place, it is a good way of getting rid of the surplus in the treasury without reducing taxation. Every million voted for fortifications this year will insure the demand for two millions next year, and thus an excuse will be afforded for keeping up a system of taxation which enriches the few at the expense of the many. And in the third place, the commitment of the United States to the policy of maintaining an expensive navy and an elaborate system of fortifications is a great step toward a "strong government."

Although they may not openly avow it in the press and in public, the rich men of the United States to-day are yearning for what they call a strong government, and in any company where they talk freely with each other the conversation always tends to the necessity of so strengthening the government that it will be able to secure the rights of property and preserve order—by which they mean the putting down with a strong hand of all labor combinations and strikes. Thoroughly frightened by the rise of labor organizations, by the rapid growth of radical ideas and by evidences that the workmen of the country propose to go into politics for themselves, the millionaires of the United States would to-day, if it were left to them, gladly welcome a ruler like Bismarck and a standing army like that of Germany; not for a defense against foreign powers, but to keep down any revolt against the system which enables them to enjoy wealth at the expense of their fellow citizens. The spirit that raises and pays Pinkerton's detectives, that proposes to make Chicago a garrison town, and that asks for the turning of the militia into a regular army, is one and the same with that which clamors for forts and ironclads. The workmen of the United States ought not to fall into the trap. It is not England or France or Germany, let alone Peru or Canada, but they themselves that these warlike preparations are wanted to guard against.

The interests of the working masses are everywhere for peace. The common people, the working people, always suffer by a war. It is they who are called upon to spill the blood, to undergo the agony, to pay the cost. It is they who swell the ranks of "food for powder," while the rich pay substitutes; or if they fight at all, fill the commissioned offices. War has always the effect which our last war had, of making the rich richer and the poor poorer, and it is the great means by which the masses of men have everywhere been enslaved.

And so it is with preparations for war. American workmen ought to set their faces like flint against any attempt to rivet upon them the burdens of armaments. If the United States goes into the policy of building ironclads and erecting steel forts, the result will be to largely increase the class of professional fighting men maintained in idleness, whose influence and whose strength can always be counted on by the government as against the people—a class who by their education and sympathies learn to look upon the government as one thing and the people another. The garrisons of these forts, the crews of these ships, that we are now asked to provide against imaginary enemies, will constitute, for the seaport cities at least, just the kind of a standing army that American millionaires yearn for.

Instead of increasing our standing army and standing navy, the policy of American workmen ought to be not only to gradually reduce what we already have, but to completely change their character.

A standing army and a standing navy are not only unworthy of a republic so great and so strong as the American republic, but they are in their organization utterly un-American. Annapolis and West Point are simply the training schools of aristocrats, and in the distinction between the enlisted man and the commissioned officer we preserve a distinction of the kind that grew up in Europe when it was held that the noble was born to command and the serf to obey. In whatever army or navy we have the commissioned officers ought to be taken from the men, and the treatment of both be that of American citizens, differing only in the responsibility of the positions they hold in the service of a nation whose cardinal principle it is that all citizens stand upon a footing of absolute equality. Under our present un-American system the nation is saddled with the maintenance of a horde of officers who hold like leeches to a service that not only yields them good pay for little work, but gives them an aristocratic distinction, while the treatment of enlisted men is such that they run away so fast that it is even proposed to brand them like galley slaves in order to keep them in the service.

SILVER DOLLARS.

Despite all the attempts to force it into use, the circulation of the silver dollar is steadily decreasing. The people don't want it, and when it is forced upon them return it to the treasury as fast as they can. Yet they are being taxed to coin \$2,000,000 silver dollars every month, to be added to the other millions now lying in the government vaults. If we were to spend \$2,000,000 a month in pumping up salt water from the bay of San Francisco, carrying it across the continent and empty-

ing it into New York harbor, it would not be a more stupid waste of national resources. The silver notes, however, do go into circulation. They are as readily taken and pass for as great a value as though they promised to pay gold. There could be no better demonstration of the fact that paper money gets its value from the credit of the government issuing it, and not from the value of any specific thing which is supposed to be stowed away in order to redeem it. We might sell all the gold and silver that now lies in our treasury vaults and refuse to buy any more, and at the same time have a currency that the people do like, and that serves all the purposes of money more conveniently and more cheaply than any other medium of exchange. Instead of supporting the coinage of silver, which the greenbackers ought to do in order to advocate the issue of government notes, we should have but one paper currency, and that the distinct issue of the government. And we should only coin gold and silver in such quantities as are demanded.

IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

The discussion of the great questions forced into practical politics by the united labor party of New York in the last municipal election is already producing gratifying results, and light is beginning to appear in dark places.

For instance, the New York Sun, which in the last campaign so bitterly opposed the labor party, has so far progressed in economic education that in a recent editorial it comes out squarely in favor of concentrating taxation on land values. Very properly stigmatizing as narrow and delusive the notion that equality of taxation is to be gained by the more severe enforcement of taxes on personal property, the Sun goes on:

There is one general principle which should always be considered by those who undertake to settle the imposition of taxes upon the people. This principle is that taxes should be so levied as to interfere to the least possible extent with the growth of business, manufactures and population in the commonwealth, and so that they may be collected with the greatest practicable ease and certainty. Moreover, due regard should be had to the certain disposition of men to escape from paying taxes and to their readiness to resort to deceit for this purpose. Or, to state it in another form, taxation should be so imposed that no deceit and no evasion should be easily practicable.

The one subject of taxation about which there cannot be any deception or uncertainty is the land; and when this is taxed, all persons, those who live by cultivating the land and those who do not, have at last to pay their proper share of the taxes.

If we insist upon taxing every form of personal property, we hinder the establishment of manufactures, and we burden commerce and drive it away from us; and at the same time we fail of our purpose, because the evasions and deceptions of men will prove too much for the officers of the law.

According to the report of the state assessors of New York, the taxation of the state is apportioned between land and personal property, as follows:

Real estate.....	\$2,500,000,000
Personal property.....	\$2,750,000,000
Total.....	\$5,250,000,000

It thus appears that nine-tenths of the taxes in this state are now levied upon the land, and it would require but a slight change to lay the whole of them upon it.

There are also various money-lending corporations that may properly be subjected to taxation, but every form of commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and personal property of every nature, should be free from taxes. Then manufactures and capital will gather into the state, and New York will be come greater, more powerful and more prosperous than ever.

This, and especially the sentence we have italicized, is a virtual endorsement of the workmen's platform, and we congratulate our contemporary on having escaped from the clutches of candidate Hewitt's nightmare, and on realizing at last that instead of bringing anarchy and chaos, the exemption from taxation of all the products of industry would make New York richer and more prosperous than ever before.

There is one error, however, that it may be worth while to point out. It is not true that nine-tenths of the taxes of this state are now levied upon land. Real estate is not land, but land and improvements; and it being the custom in this state, as well as in other states, to tax improved land as land higher because of improvements, as well as to tax the improvements themselves, the real estate taxes from which the greater part of our state and municipal revenues are derived are actually taxes against improvement.

It may also be well to point out that there is no more reason for taxing "money-lending corporations" than for taxing manufactures or commerce. Money is one of the tools of manufacturing, one of the agencies of commerce, and so long as there are so many of us who want to borrow money, it is foolish to impose any tax which must have a tendency to drive money out of the state, and to compel those who want to borrow money to pay more for it.

Nevertheless, this article is one of many appearing in all parts of the country, which show the rapid advance that public opinion is making in economic questions. And this advance must go on. The truth always comes out in discussion, and discussion of the fundamental principles of taxation has been now so well started that it cannot be stopped.

Whoever begins to appreciate the advantages, as a matter of mere fiscal adjustment, of placing all taxes on land values, will not be long before he begins to see its far deeper bearings upon social problems.

By raising all our public revenues by taxes levied on land values we should dispense with much costly and corrupting governmental machinery; we should do away with incentives to fraud and perjury which make false swearing, bribery and bribe-taking matters of course, and we should remove all those burdens upon industry and capital that are acting and reacting in all directions, enormously lessening the production of wealth. But this is not all. We should at the same time be making it unprofitable to withhold

from labor the natural opportunities for its employment.

To put all our taxes upon the value of land, irrespective of improvements, so that the man who held a vacant lot would be called on to pay as much taxes as the man who had built a house or erected a factory upon a lot of equal value, would be to make it more profitable to build houses or erect factories, and so burdensome to hold vacant lots, that those who now hold them would be forced to get rid of them as quickly as possible to people who wanted to make use of them. The weight of our taxation would thus fall upon monopoly, not upon industry, and the consequence would be that city lots, farming lands, mines and all other natural opportunities for the employment of labor that are now held idle by those who neither use them themselves nor permit others to use them, would be thrown open to labor. Thus an illimitable field for the employment of labor would be opened, which would relieve the glut in the labor market, and put an end to that cut-throat competition for employment among men unable to employ themselves that now constantly tends to force wages to a starvation rate, and is the primary cause of all "labor troubles."

A SOCIALIST IN HEAVEN.

We print elsewhere a second article on the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, who has recently been beatified by the Catholic church, and who will probably before long be canonized as a saint. In view of the fact that a serious attempt has recently been made in this city to show that the Catholic church will not tolerate a belief that these things that God made and man cannot make belong to the people in common, it is at least curious to find the church beatifying this old-time champion of the rights of the poor, a man who believed that not only natural resources, but the direct products of human labor, should be held in common.

Aside from this phase of the matter it is interesting to see how closely the language of a reformer in the earlier years of Henry VIII. resembles that of the men who in this fiftieth year of Victoria denounce the greed of the land holders who gather where they did not sow and selfishly force down the poor into misery.

The superficial thinker and the self-satisfied possessor of good things will only see in this evidence that the oppression of the poor has existed in all ages and must continue for all time to come. Such people are mistaken. Freedom's struggle from the time of the blessed Sir Thomas More to the present time has aimed chiefly at placing that potent weapon, the ballot, in the hands of the people. In this country, at least, that was accomplished long ago, and at last those who bear the burdens of our civilized society and who create all the wealth that such society enjoys have come to see how to put that weapon to use in their own behalf.

They will use it, and thus in time build up in this western land a nobler commonwealth than that dreamed of by the author of Utopia—one that will avoid the extreme socialism he portrayed, and leave free play to individual action and incentive while securing to the people in common the ownership of those natural resources monopolized here to-day by individuals as they were in England more than three centuries ago.

BODGING BEHIND THE CONSTITUTION.

In a recent speech ex-Gov. Dorsheimer opposed federal taxation of land values as a substitute for customs and internal revenue duties on the ground, as he expressed it, that "not a single square foot of the soil of this country can be taxed by the federal government without amending the constitution of the United States." Mr. Dorsheimer's constitutional law is as bad as his political economy.

Congress has power to lay and collect direct taxes as well as duties, imposts and excises. This much Mr. Dorsheimer may be credited with knowing; but inasmuch as direct taxes must be apportioned among the several states according to population, and a tax upon land values is a direct tax, he jumps to the conclusion that a tax upon land values, irrespective of improvements, would be unconstitutional. But Congress has frequently imposed such taxes and apportioned them among the several states according to population without exciting any doubt as to their constitutionality. On the contrary, the supreme court has resorted to those tax laws for aid in constitutional construction. In 1798 the tax was laid upon "dwelling houses, lands, and slaves, according to value;" in 1813, "upon real estate and slaves, according to value;" in 1815, upon "the values of all lands and lots of ground, with their improvements, dwelling houses and slaves," and in 1861 on the same values. The amounts thus raised and apportioned among the several states, according to population, ranged from two millions to twenty millions.

Now, if Congress could collect two millions in 1798 and twenty millions in 1861, requiring from each state a quota proportioned to its population, to be raised by a direct tax upon land according to values, why cannot Congress collect all the revenues of the federal government by requiring of each state a quota according to its population, to be raised by a direct tax on land values alone?

Perhaps Mr. Dorsheimer can answer. If not, let him not again attempt to clothe his economic prejudices with constitutional gauze.

AID FOR THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Gen. Wingate contributes to this issue of THE STANDARD an elaborate defense of the proposed appropriation in aid of the national guard. His position as president of the National Guard association and his long experience in national guard affairs are a guarantee that he has made the best argument that can be made for the appropriation.

The defense is essentially weak in confounding a militia with the national guard. It is not claimed by labor organizations that Congress has no power to provide for or-

ganizing, arming and disciplining the militia; nor that a well disciplined and uniformly organized and equipped militia is not necessary. But it is claimed that armed social clubs are not necessary or desirable and that Congress has no constitutional right to provide for the organizing, arming and disciplining of such clubs.

The national guard is composed of social clubs is a fact. The different companies have their own by-laws, they fix initiation fees, dues and fines, and by a vote they determine who shall be admitted to their ranks. Black-balls are as effective there as in the Union League, the Century club, or the Manhattan. This kind of organization is not what Washington had in mind when he spoke of the militia as the palladium of our security, nor Jefferson when he solicited an annual appropriation for the militia of the several states.

The law of 1793 which, as Gen. Wingate says, is a law still, though practically obsolete, provides for the only kind of militia entitled to any sort of recognition that does not belong to a target company. That is the kind of militia to which Washington referred and for which Jefferson solicited—a militia composed of every able bodied man in the community.

We are quite ready to believe that Gen. Wingate, in drafting the Sewell bill, had no worse motive than to benefit an organization to which he is devoted. But the proposition is, nevertheless, in line with the aristocratic conspiracy now in progress against American liberty, of which the Pinkerton army, the proposed garrison at Chicago and the clamor for the building of forts and ironclads are surface indications.

The kind of militia we ought to have should consist of all citizens, and very nearly all that is required to give us an overwhelming force in time of national need is that our young men should be accustomed to the use of arms. The money that we now waste on a standing army could be much better spent in providing our lads with facilities for the practice of marksmanship and athletic exercises.

THE NEW PARTY AND THE NEGRO.

We have already stated in THE STANDARD our reasons for believing that the true friends of labor in the south must lay aside their prejudice against admitting the colored voters to a share in their effort to rescue our country from the grasp of monopoly. Mr. Edwards, of Waco, Texas, writes us a letter strongly presenting his own views in opposition to any attempt to enlist the negro in this fight. We have read his article with care, but we fail to find in its somewhat passionate presentation of the case any reason to change the opinion already expressed in these columns.

We understand fully the fears entertained by southern white men as to the possible result of the re-entrance of the negro into politics; but it is idle to imagine that the present condition of affairs there can continue. The negroes have a legal right to vote, and they cannot forever be excluded from the exercise of that right. The only question is whether men like Mr. Edwards shall educate and lead them into voting in the interests of the many, or whether they shall again become the tools of selfish individuals who seek only their own personal welfare and aggrandizement.

We think that Mr. Adams, who writes us on the same question from South Carolina, has the true conception of the aim and method of the new party. It must educate and lift men in order to achieve results. The failures of the non-political struggle of labor have always been due to the eagerness for work on the part of a less intelligent or less scrupulous body of laborers, and frequently to the presence of a body of imported and ignorant men as unfit to participate intelligently in governmental matters as any plantation negroes. This is the class that helped to defeat the labor party in New York last fall. We here understand, however, that such men will continue to vote, and we propose to educate them into voting for permanent prosperity for themselves and for us instead of voting for a two-dollar bill given them on election day by the agents of the bosses and millionaires, who flourish under a system of politics based on money. Our southern friends owe a similar duty to the negroes, and only through its faithful performance can they hope to achieve success.

GEN. ROGER A. PRYOR, in an article elsewhere, points out an obnoxious provision of the civil code that interposes an effectual bar in many cases to the bringing of suits against corporations for causing death by negligence. He also instances another unjust law in the interest of corporations and against workingmen by which an employer escapes all liability for injury to an employee where such injury is caused by the negligence of a fellow servant. This is, as Gen. Pryor says, judge-made, and not statutory law. A Hartford letter in last week's STANDARD showed how the courts of Connecticut had arrived at a conclusion diametrically opposite to that of the New York courts in this matter, the result being that the railroad magnates are trying to procure the passage of a statute putting the workingmen of Connecticut on the same footing on which those of New York have been placed by our courts. This is a precedent that workingmen here may well follow. Let them insist that the unjust law laid down by our courts shall be remedied by an affirmative act declaring the opposite principle, and that the code shall be amended so as to annul the clause pointed out by Gen. Pryor, and probably smuggled into it by some corporation lawyer.

"The first martyr of the new crusade" is the apt title given by Judge Maguire of San Francisco to Father McGlynn.

No one better understands than Felix Adler, who lectured last Sunday on the child slavery in vogue in our great cities, how nearly impossible it is to emancipate the children while saviors of society flourish and wax fat upon their earnings. When parents are able to barely live on their own wages the temptation to put their children into stores and factories is overwhelming, and perjury respecting their ages is to be expected. Prof. Adler's proposition that the state should pay a stipulated sum to the indigent parent of a child under thirteen so long as it goes to school would be scouted as communism, and offered

as a charity instead of a right, it would be degrading. The true relief is not in the alternative slavery on the one hand or charity on the other, but in justice. Put an end to the system by which natural opportunities are withdrawn from the many and appropriated by the few, and child slavery will put an end to itself.

The attempt by the Albany politicians to run the State Trades assembly last week failed; but it caused entirely too much trouble, nevertheless. The true friends of labor must keep out of their councils the puppets who jump whenever politicians pull the string.

The Tammany statesmen propose a law limiting the earnings of all public corporations to ten per cent on the actual cost of the property held and used by such companies. An article entitled "Highway Robbers," printed elsewhere, shows that just such a law has been on the statute book for years, but it has never been enforced. The workingmen do not ask new laws at the hands of the old parties, as the influences by which these parties maintain themselves in power—influences that keep the corporations in power, no matter whether the republicans or the democrats are turned out by the people—still prevail. Tammany is in a beautiful position to "conciliate the workingmen" just now. Its leaders know that a republican legislature will accept no legislation proposed by it, and hence it can propose anything, sure that that will be the end of the matter. Nothing better can be expected from the republicans, and though a little tinkering may be done, no radical reform can be looked for until the labor party elects a legislature of its own.

"Why do they not go to the vacant lands of the west?" is the frequent inquiry of comfortable people concerning the New York poor. How far west would you have them go? Is California far enough? If so, read a letter from San Diego, printed elsewhere, and see how much chance a poor man has there.

The small farmer who owns his own land is supposed by many to be the lion in the path of the land restoration party. The report of an interview with Richard F. Trevellick, reported elsewhere from the Detroit Evening Post, shows that if this is the only obstacle to the success of the land and labor movement, it is one that is vanishing with amazing rapidity. If the new movement had nothing else to commend it, it would be deserving of general support because of the promise it offers to the real tiller of the soil, whose burdens under the land monopoly system grow heavier from year to year.

PEOPLE who are as averse to reading as they are prone to talking persist in declaring that the doctrine of land restoration is difficult to understand. If such people will refresh their minds by rest for a real effort and then read the two letters by Mr. Barnes, printed in another column, they will possibly be able to gain at least a glimmering of a truth already perfectly plain to the great body of workingmen in this city.

PRIESTS who denounce justice to the poor in the name of Christ are not much further away from the truth than are those politicians who invoke the name of Abraham Lincoln in support of the money-supported monopolistic republicanism of to-day. Some extracts from the liberator's speeches and letters printed in this issue prove conclusively that Lincoln was in fact a foe to industrial slavery as he was to that chattel slavery in the overthrow of which he was the greatest of all leaders.

Adding Insult to Injury.

From the beginning of the troubles in St. Stephen's church, the enemies of Dr. McGlynn have not scrupled by innuendo and whispered slander to attempt to blacken his character. Conspicuous in the dirty work has been the New York Sun, which on Thursday morning reported Father Donnelly as saying: "I know that Dr. McGlynn owes money where from twenty to fifty thousand dollars to servant girls who have lent their savings to him."

A gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the matter informs us that Dr. McGlynn always kept not only books, but an expert accountant; that the financial report every year has been audited with inspection of vouchers by reputable members of the congregation; that these reports are on record in Lord Preston's chancery office; that if the debt is now larger than when Dr. McGlynn went there, twenty-one years ago, there are hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of improvements to show for it, in the building of the Twenty-ninth street hall, the church, which is itself equal to an ordinary church, in marble altars, paintings and a score of other improvements, and in valuable properties acquired in Twenty-eighth street, at New Dorp, N. Y., and at Fordham.

The amount of money due at the end of 1886 to members of the congregation whom Father Donnelly sneers at as servant girls will not be "anywhere between twenty and fifty thousand dollars," but about fifteen thousand dollars, and this money was not lent to Dr. McGlynn, but to the corporation of St. Stephen's church and for the use and benefit of St. Stephen's church, and the payment of this money is guaranteed by the trustees of St. Stephen's church.

Our informant adds that for very many years before St. Stephen's home began to receive any money from the city for the board of committed children, St. Stephen's church supported hundreds of destitute children in the home.

The Guild of the Iron Cross.

The Guild of the Iron Cross, the scope and objects of which have already been explained in THE STANDARD, held its second annual convention in St. Augustine's chapel on Tuesday. The afternoon session was attended by some fifty delegates, and at the meeting Father Field, of St. Clement's church, Philadelphia, Father Huntington, of the Holy Cross mission of this city and the Rev. G. M. Christian of Newark were appointed a committee on publication. Bishop Donnelly was elected an honorary chaplain, and Mr. Douglas of Newark was elected president of the guild for the coming year. The name of the society was then changed to "The Guild of the Iron Cross, and Church Workingmen's Society."

At the public dinner on the evening the church was filled to overflowing. Bishop Huntington delivered a sermon in which he treated at length the social problems of the times, and said that Christianity was on the side of the laboring class, so far as it recognized any distinction between classes at all. The guild has now sixteen chaplains, six honorary chaplains, one hundred priests associate and fifteen hundred members.

The McGlynn Testimonial.

The publisher of THE STANDARD acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for the McGlynn testimonial:

Jack Plante, Tarrytown, N. Y.	\$1.00
William McGlynn, Philadelphia	1.50
R. P. Daniels, Washington, D. C.	1.00
James Lawson, "	1.00
T. F. Monahan, "	1.00
T. J. Foster, "	1.00
Betty and Fogarty, two New York boys working hard for low wages	50
"A Westchester boy	1.00
J. C. H. Georgetown, D. C.	1.50
T. F. McGlynn, Tonawanda, Pa.	1.50
"Three sisters," Providence, R. I.	3.00
James Henderson, Philadelphia	1.00
Jeremiah Chapman, Haddamfield, N. J.	2.50
A Catholic priest	50

THE WEEK.

Among the assemblymen from New York who voted for Hisecock in the late triangular battle of millionaires at Albany was young Crosby, a son of Howard Crosby. His republican constituents, mostly Croton men, called him to account at a public meeting, and he charged the agents of both Morton and Miller with directly offering large sums of money for votes. He smoothed the ruffled feelings of his audience by stating that Morton, as soon as he went to Albany, put a check on his agents, and gave the Millerites a side slap by saying that Miller's canvass from that moment steadily advanced. Hisecock's agents were not alluded to by Mr. Crosby, but whatever they may have done is hardly a reflection on the way he voted, since Hisecock was his Hobson's choice.

The committee that has been hearing testimony to determine whether or not the republican boss, Mike Cregan, sold out Allen Thorndike Rice, the republican candidate for congress in the Tenth district, has adjourned and will report to the republican county committee, which meets at the Grand Opera house next Tuesday. The testimony has shown that the management of republican politics is as corrupt and mercenary as that of Tammany or the county democracy. A majority of the committee will report that Cregan is guilty.

The daily papers have glowing accounts of the charity ball, an annual event in New York which brings together the wealth and fashion of the metropolis, and at which many young ladies make their social debut. This year it was held at the Metropolitan Opera house, the grand march beginning at half-past ten at which the display of diamonds was dazzling enough to excite the security of apparel. Levi F. Morton led the march. Mrs. Hicks-Lord was there and attracted a great deal of attention. So did Capt. Williams, the notorious policeman who on a small salary has become a rich man. The expense of preparation for this ball goes high up in the hundred thousands; the proceeds go to charity. Both expense and proceeds come chiefly from objects of the charity.

The attitude of the New York press toward organized labor is well illustrated in a report that appeared last week in one of the leading dailies concerning the Longford strikers. The article was calculated to impress the reader with the idea that pretty nearly all of the female strikers were dressed in "silk plush" or "silk dresses," and the men with corresponding elegance. This statement, it should be observed, is made only a few days after the publication of the fact that the girls have been, many of them, working for from \$5 to \$7 per week. This daily should now favor us with an article on "How to wear a seakins on \$5 per week."

The latest converts to communistic doctrines are the managers of the Western Union telegraph company. It seems that they even go so far as to believe that the news sent over their wires should be common property, for they have been allowing Kiernan & Co., news agents of this city, to use the news which the agents of Dow, Jones & Co. have sent to the latter firm. This has been going on for some time, and this case is merely one where the proof is a little easier to be obtained than usual. Of course, no one doubts that the managers and big Wall street speculators connected with the W. U. have had access to all the private information sent over their lines; but that the outside public should be let into the game is something new.

The brutal insolence of the police seems to be on the increase. Their performances at the Davitt meeting at Madison Square on Sunday evening were remarkable. In the early part of the evening they thrust back all who held tickets, declaring that only those wishing to buy tickets would be admitted. Having thus caused the house to be crowded, while people holding tickets were compelled to stand in the muddy streets, they then refused to permit these excluded ones to enter because the building was filled.

That notorious ruffian, Capt. Williams, stood at the Twenty-seventh street door and he appears to have been responsible for this outrage on the rights of ticket holders. He was noisy and insolent as usual, and treated the people as though they were dogs. The writer saw one man go up to the door and show his ticket. He was roughly told to get back, that he could not enter. He insisted on his right, when Williams seized him roughly by the lapels of his coat and violently ran him backward for some distance through the unresisting crowd. For this Williams ought to be convicted of assault and battery, stripped of his uniform and sent to jail; but nothing will be done. Enough republicans voted for Van Wyck to help elected police commissioners, probably at the railway dictation, voted for the anti-monopolist, instead of wasting thirty-two votes on a man who had no chance. Van Wyck finally submitted to the republican caucus, which nominated Paddock late at night. After the election one of the members of the house of representatives offered the following:

Whereas, The great state of Nebraska has been delivered into the hands of a powerful corporation by a dramatic action of a midnight caucus; therefore be it

Resolved, That the public buildings of said state be draped in mourning for the time of thirty days. It was, of course, laid on the table.

Several sensational contests continued up to the closing of this page. In New Jersey both parties are seeking to gain their end by revolutionary tactics. The republicans refused to organize the Senate, and the democrats are pretending to hold a joint session despite this lawless action of their opponents. It looks as though the republicans would be compelled to withdraw Sewell and the democrats Gov. Abbott.

The deadlock in Indiana continues. The democrats stubbornly adhere to Turpie and the republicans to Harrison, though numerous ballots appear to show that the four men who hold the balance of power will vote for neither.

In Texas there is a warm contest between Maxey, Reagan and Ireland, and John Hancock is receiving some votes. Senator Maxey led for several ballots, but Reagan then came to the fore, and Maxey and Ireland finally united on Wednesday evening to force an adjournment.

There is a streak of daylight in West Virginia where seven democrats have revolted against the caucus determination to re-elect Senator Camden, a Standard oil millionaire, who is backed by the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and all the other corporations that have for a long time ruled the state.

One of the silly quarrels promoted by our stupid tariff is now in progress. The dealers in wool claim that importers "nails" and ring waste are equal in value to scoured wool as it comes from the sheep, and they insist that its value to the manufacturer should be increased by adding to the tax on it. The manufacturers, who are high tariff men themselves, when they can make anything by it, resist the demand of the dealers with much indignation. The treasury department has the case under consideration.

The National board of trade is the last body that has attempted to ride the free trade and protection horses at once. It comes to the ground like the other jockeys who have tried the trick.

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sonnel in the country directly or indirectly interested in the fisheries. This includes all who eat fish, and if the invitation is accepted a resolution will be adopted in favor of letting all who want to sell fish sell them as cheaply as possible. This would carry the Yankees.

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The British parliament opened on Thursday, and a lively time may be anticipated. This summary necessarily closes too early to permit any comment on the opening proceedings. An event that fills all faithful liberals with delight is the defeat of George J. Goschen, the former liberal who recently accepted the position of chancellor of the exchequer in the Tory cabinet. His defeat is very embarrassing to the government, and in consideration of a peerage it is thought that Sir John Mowbray will resign his seat for Oxford university in order to give it to Goschen.

Gladstone is back in London, in excellent health and spirits, and predicts that he will be in power again inside of three months.

The Tory ministry evidently thinks that a coercion bill will smell more sweet if it is called a "conspiracy bill" and it will promptly introduce such a measure. It will be vigorously fought by the Gladstonians and the Irish, and may prove to be the rock on which the government will split.

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The Reagan-Collum interstate commerce bill has passed both houses of congress and gone to the president. This is the first serious attempt at federal regulation of railroads and the beginning of the end of railroad swindling and oppression. With such amendments as experience may prove necessary, the law will make it impossible for railroad pools and railroad kings to throttle interstate commerce, and with the decline of plundering profits interstate roads will pass easily under national control. The bill relates to common carriers between states, and prohibits special rates, rebates, drawbacks and all other devices for discriminating in charges, except bona fide commutation tickets and business passes. Greater charges for short hauls than for longer ones are forbidden, except by permission of the railroad commissioners. Mr. Palk's occupancy will be gone for nothing is declared unlawful. Rates for fare and freight must be posted at every station, and no advance is allowed until after ten days' notice. Reductions may be made without notice, but must be posted immediately. Any deviation from the published rates is unlawful, and every violation of the act is a misdemeanor punishable by fine not to exceed \$5,000. The commission provided for is to consist of six commissioners, of whom not more than three shall belong to the same political party, and will have complete supervision of interstate transportation.

The long sensational struggle in Nebraska ended last week in the election of A. S. Paddock, a stalwart republican and friend of the monopolist, as United States senator in place of Chas. H. Van Wyck. This is a victory for the railroads, who were determined that the independent and belligerent Nebraskans should not go back to the senate. Under a provision of the Nebraska constitution the people of the state indicated a desire at the last election that Van Wyck should be sent back. The leaders of the two old parties cared more, however, for the railroads than for the people. Enough republicans voted for Van Wyck to help elected police commissioners, probably at the railway dictation, voted for the anti-monopolist, instead of wasting thirty-two votes on a man who had no chance. Van Wyck finally submitted to the republican caucus, which nominated Paddock late at night. After the election one of the members of the house of representatives offered the following:

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The argument in the telephone case before the United States supreme court was begun on Monday, and will probably continue for two weeks. The Herald of this city publishes a story going to show that the telephone was really invented and patented by Mr. House years ago, and that, therefore, none of the present claimants are entitled to a patent.

The Reagan-Collum interstate commerce bill has passed both houses of congress and gone to the president. This is the first serious attempt at federal regulation of railroads and the beginning of the end of railroad swindling and oppression. With such amendments as experience may prove necessary, the law will make it impossible for railroad pools and railroad kings to throttle interstate commerce, and with the decline of plundering profits interstate roads will pass easily under national control. The bill relates to common carriers between states, and prohibits special rates, rebates, drawbacks and all other devices for discriminating in charges, except bona fide commutation tickets and business passes. Greater charges for short hauls than for longer ones are forbidden, except by permission of the railroad commissioners. Mr. Palk's occupancy will be gone for nothing is declared unlawful. Rates for fare and freight must be posted at every station, and no advance is allowed until after ten days' notice. Reductions may be made without notice, but must be posted immediately. Any deviation from the published rates is unlawful, and every violation of the act is a misdemeanor punishable by fine not to exceed \$5,000. The commission provided for is to consist of six commissioners, of whom not more than three shall belong to the same political party, and will have complete supervision of interstate transportation.

The long sensational struggle in Nebraska ended last week in the election of A. S. Paddock, a stalwart republican and friend of the monopolist, as United States senator in place of Chas. H. Van Wyck. This is a victory for the railroads, who were determined that the independent and belligerent Nebraskans should not go back to the senate. Under a provision of the Nebraska constitution the people of the state indicated a desire at the last election that Van Wyck should be sent back. The leaders of the two old parties cared more, however, for the railroads than for the people. Enough republicans voted for Van Wyck to help elected police commissioners, probably at the railway dictation, voted for the anti-monopolist, instead of wasting thirty-two votes on a man who had no chance. Van Wyck finally submitted to the republican caucus, which nominated Paddock late at night. After the election one of the members of the house of representatives offered the following:

Whereas, The great state of Nebraska has been delivered into the hands of a powerful corporation by a dramatic action of a midnight caucus; therefore be it

Resolved, That the public buildings of said state be draped in mourning for the time of thirty days. It was, of course, laid on the table.

Several sensational contests continued up to the closing of this page. In New Jersey both parties are seeking to gain their end by revolutionary tactics. The republicans refused to organize the Senate, and the democrats are pretending to hold a joint session despite this lawless action of their opponents. It looks as though the republicans would be compelled to withdraw Sewell and the democrats Gov. Abbott.

The deadlock in Indiana continues. The democrats stubbornly adhere to Turpie and the republicans to Harrison, though numerous ballots appear to show that the four men who hold the balance of power will vote for neither.

In Texas there is a warm contest between Maxey, Reagan and Ireland, and John Hancock is receiving some votes. Senator Maxey led for several ballots, but Reagan then came to the fore, and Maxey and Ireland finally united on Wednesday evening to force an adjournment.

There is a streak of daylight in West Virginia where seven democrats have revolted against the caucus determination to re-elect Senator Camden, a Standard oil millionaire, who is backed by the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, and all the other corporations that have for a long time ruled the state.

One of the silly quarrels promoted by our stupid tariff is now in progress. The dealers

A COMMUNIST BLESSED.

The author of "Utopia" Officially Declared to be in Heaven.

In the first number of THE STANDARD I gave a brief sketch of Sir Thomas More, and set forth, largely in his own words, the political ideas that he sought to illustrate in his much talked of but little read volume of Utopia. In that article I spoke of the fact that the name of this early advocate of socialistic doctrine was likely to be added to the calendar of saints by the Roman Catholic church. That process has apparently not yet been completed; but a dispatch to the *Herald* last week announces that Sir Thomas has been "blessed." That is to say the church formally declares that he has been received into heaven, and is henceforth to be "reverenced" by good Catholics.

In the first article I showed clearly that Utopia was no mere fanciful romance written for amusement, but a serious presentation of political views for consideration. These ideas were presented in the first book in the shape of reports of a pretended conversation between More and Ralph Hythlodæ, the supposititious traveler who had visited Utopia.

The second and last book contains Hythlodæ's description of the country and the laws, manners and customs of the people and numerous passages in which he shows that his author was deeply and strongly inclined toward a belief, not merely in the common ownership of land, but in communist socialism of the most radical kind. Utopia is an island containing fifty-four "large and fair cities or shire towns," most of them twenty-four miles apart, and none more distant from its nearest neighbor than a day's journey on foot. Amaraute is the capital, and it comes yearly from each city three "old men, wise and well experienced," to debate of the affairs of the whole island.

None of the cities have on any side less than twenty miles of ground. None of them wish to increase their holdings, "for they count themselves rather the good husbands than the owners of their lands." The rural districts are divided into farms well furnished with buildings and the necessary implements of agriculture, and the people of the cities go there, according to an appointed order, to dwell. Each farm has a household of forty persons, men and women, and two bondmen, "all under the rule and order of the good man and good wife of the house, who are sage, discreet and temperate persons." Half of this household returns to the city each year, and is replaced by twenty more persons brought from town, and the newcomers are instructed by those who remain. In some cases those found of no utility remain on the farms for years.

These people till the ground and send the produce to town. They raise many chickens, "and that by a marvelous policy, for the hens do not sit upon the eggs, but by keeping them in a certain equal heat they bring life into them and hatch them."

The city of Amaraute is situated on a river forty miles from the sea, and this river is spanned by a bridge of stone, with arches so high that ships may pass under them. Another and smaller river supplies the city with water by means of brick canals. The houses are built close together, but at the rear of each is an ample garden. The street doors are never locked, "for there is nothing in the houses that is private or any man's own."

Every thirty families choose yearly an officer, formerly called a *syndicus*, but later a *philarche*. Every one of these philarches are under a chief philarch. In choosing a prince the people of each of the four quarters of the city name a man "to stand for the election" (such is the translator's own phrase) and from among these four the philarches are sworn to choose the one "they think most meet and expedient," and they choose him by a "secret election." He serves for life "unless he be deposed or put down for suspicion of tyranny." The chief philarches are chosen every third day, or oftener if need be, and at each meeting two of the syndics attend, "every day a new couple." "It is death to have consultation for the commonwealth out of the council or the place of the common election." This is in order that the prince and council may not easily conspire together to oppress the people by tyranny.

Every individual learns husbandry, and in addition to this learns some other craft. There are no tailors, for one uniform style of garment is worn by the men, another by the married women, and still another by the unmarried women; and these are of such simple fashion that each family manufactures its own. The lighter occupations are given to the women, but each person must do something for the common wealth.

"Every one," says the narrative, "applies his own craft with earnest diligence. And yet, for all that, they are not idle, but early in the morning to late in the evening with continual work like laboring and tilling beasts, for this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen." They divide the day into twenty-four hours. For six of these hours they work before noon, when they take dinner. After dinner they rest for two hours, and then work three hours until they go to supper. They sleep eight hours. They occupy the remainder of the time as they please. Many attend lectures that are given early in the morning, and they have concerts and games, but no gambling. As they all work they find that nine hours of toil is sufficient. This, the author says, any one can see must be the case if he will take into consideration the enormous number of idle people who are maintained by those who do the work in the cities. Among the idle he mentions "all rich men, especially all landed men." He thus continues:

Now consider with yourself, of these few that do work, how few are deemed necessary workers. But if all the men of the island were to be employed, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them, more than the things that they do, they would labor but twice as much as the workers themselves do. If all these, I say, were set to profitable occupations, such as we have been mentioning, they would do so much, to say with all things that may be requisite either for necessity or commodity, yea, or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural.

Utopia proves this, for in the whole city and surrounding country there were not so many as five hundred persons who became idle of age or weakness were exempt from labor. These are the only persons who exempt, except a certain number who give their whole time to learning. "If any one of these prove not according to the expectation and hope of him conceived, he is forthwith plucked back to the company of artificers," while, on the other hand, a handicraftsman who bestows his leisure in learning by which he profits, is often "promoted to the company of the learned."

The population is divided into families, all the males born continuing in their fathers' houses, and the daughters, when married, joining the families of their husbands. Where families grow too large some of the members are transferred to smaller households. A due proportion in population between cities is similarly maintained by transfers. In case too numerous persons are chosen from each city to build up a town under their own laws in the nearest land where the inhabitants have not been assigned ground, they try to induce the inhabitants of the land to which they migrate to adopt their laws and customs, and in that event both prosper. If the inhabitants will not accept their laws, however, then the Utopians drive them out of the bounds of their colony, "for," says the speaker, "they could this the most just cause of war when any people hold a piece of ground and are unwilling to go good and profitable use, keeping others from the use and profit of it, which, notwithstanding the law

of nature, ought thereof to be nourished and relieved."

On the island every city is divided into four equal parts. In each quarter there is a market place, where the works of every family and all kinds of produce are stored. The head of every household goes thither at will and carries away whatever he needs, without pay. No one takes more than he needs, "for," says Hythlodæ, "why should it be thought that a man would ask more than enough who is sure never to lack. Certainly in all kinds of living creatures either fear or lack causeth covetousness and rapine."

There is always kept a store of provisions on hand sufficient for two years. The surplus they exchange with neighboring nations for that which they lack; chiefly iron. By this system Utopians usually have more of such things than the countries producing them. They sell largely on credit, taking the obligations of neighboring states. This is a fund they draw on to hire soldiers in case they are compelled to go to war. They also keep a great treasure of their own for such purposes; but as they have no use for money and regard the greed of other nations for gold and silver as a curse, they make of these metals the manacles of prisoners, who are compelled to wear gold rings on their fingers and in their ears to mark the grade of their offense. They also make vessels, put to vile uses, of gold and silver.

Owing to their leisure, learning is quite general among the Utopians, and they not only know the movements of the stars, but predict the course of storms and tempests. Hunting among them is not regarded as a pleasure, and when wild animals are to be killed the duty falls to the butchers to whom it properly belongs.

The bondmen in the island consist of those of their own citizens who are guilty of heinous offenses and of men condemned to death in other lands and who are saved from execution by their purchase as slaves. The last are better treated than their own condemned, as the people think that men brought up in so excellent a commonwealth have no excuse for violating the law. Marriage is encouraged and incontinence severely punished. A council of men and matrons inquire diligently into the conduct of the married couples, and if a husband is found guilty of neglecting his duty, he is rebuked; and if he is found guilty of "the easy hope of a new marriage" breaks "love between man and wife." Adultery is punished by bondage, and the wronged husband or wife is granted a divorce.

They have but few laws and think it unreasonable that people should be obliged to obey laws so numerous that they have no time to read them, or so obscure that they are not easily understood. Hence there is little litigation among the people and lawyers are unknown.

So far as possible the citizens of the country are kept out of wars, as the Utopians feel that it is useless to waste anything so precious as life when they can hire strangers to do so with such worthless stuff as money. When necessity does force them into battle, however, the Utopians are the bravest of the brave, because they have no apprehension that their families will suffer in case they fall.

There are divers kinds of religion on the island, but most of them agree that there is a certain godly power, unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, and diffused throughout the world, and "him they call father of all."

When Hythlodæ and his companions told them "that Christ instituted among his all things in common," they of them were baptized. In the very beginning King Utopus made a decree "that it should be lawful for every man to favor and follow what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring others to his way of thinking, so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly, without hasty and contentious rebuking and inveighing against another." He who declares that the soul perished with the body, they do not count as a man, and he who declares that the soul is immortal and contentious about religion were punished by the magistrate.

Hythlodæ says the system of Utopia is not only the best, "but also that which alone of good right may claim and take upon it the name of a common wealth or public weal; for, in other places, they still speak of the commonwealth, but every man procureth his own private gain." In such countries a man may starve in the midst of riches, in which he has no share, while in Utopia no man lacks anything essential. Fears no want for himself or his family, nor is he burdened with care for the morrow. Hythlodæ declares he can see no justice at all in the custom of other countries, where the idle and those who render no actual service to the commonwealth "have a pleasant and a wealthy living either by idleness or unnecessary business, when in the meantime poor laborers, carters, ironsmiths, carpenters and plowmen, by so great and continual toil as drawing and bearing beasts be scant able to sustain, and, again, so necessary folk, that without it no commonwealth were able to stand, and endure the year, should go hard and poor a living and live so wretched and miserable a life that the state and condition of the laboring beasts may seem much better and wealthier."

The daily wages of these men are so small that they can lay up nothing, and hence must be tormented with the fear of indigence in their old age. Is not, he asks, that "an unjust and unkind public weal" that permits such a system? He thus continues:

Besides this, the rich men, not only by private fraud, but also by common laws, do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their living; so that whereas it seemed before unjust to recompense with unkindness their pains that have been beneficial to the public weal, now they have to be recompensed with unkindness and fraud, which is a more wicked thing than any that I can conceive. Now, if a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities, the public weal, and the commonwealth, they prevent and devise by all means and craft, first, how to keep safely, without fear of losing, that which they have unjustly gathered together; and then, how to live and abuse the work and labor of the poor for as little money as may be.

Yet despite all this, the speaker declares that the condition of the rich in Europe is not to be compared with the wealth and felicity of the Utopians, because the latter are free from all of the strife and crime engendered by the greed for money, and never know the fear and apprehension with which even the rich are accustomed to contemplate the possibility of losing their wealth. Having thus defined and extolled the institutions of Utopia, the narrator declares "this form and fashion of a weale publique would I gladly wish unto all nations."

Of course More maintains the fiction that all this is told him by Hythlodæ, and he professes to dissent from it to some extent, yet in his own name he winds up with the declaration that "so much I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weale publique which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope after."

Sir Thomas More's ideal state was not merely one in which the land was owned in common, but one embracing at once all that is aimed at by either socialism or communism. His own comments indicate doubts as to the entire practicability of his system, but he manifestly believes that the condition described was that which Christ sought to establish on earth. In many things events have proved that there was something prophetic in his vision. His sympathy with the poor, his clear recognition of the true relation of labor to the commonwealth, his denunciation of cruel punishments for crimes fostered by our social system, and his broad principles of religious toleration, are astounding to all familiar with the practice and temper of the age in which he wrote.

Wm. T. CHAMBERS.

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS.

The Proposed Tax Reform Illustrated—The Central Committee's Work.

The two letters given below, recently sent out by Secretary Barnes of the Central Committee, 28 Cooper Union, are of more than private interest:

I. In answer to a letter of inquiry from a prominent member of the building trades:

"The leading propositions on which the late campaign in this city was fought were of a character that should especially appeal to every member of the building trades. Inclosed with this is a copy of the Clarendon hall platform, and we would particularly call your attention to the clause which proposes to 'abolish all taxes on buildings and improvements, so that no fine shall be put upon the employment of labor in increasing living accommodations,' and which also proposes to 'levy no taxes on land values irrespective of improvements, so that those who are holding land vacant shall be compelled either to build on it themselves or to give up the land to those who will.' You will at once see the importance to all the various trades concerned in building operations of these demands, since to tax unused land as heavily as land of equal value that is built upon will, of course, compel the utilization of all land desirable for building purposes which is held by speculators. When it comes to levying taxes on land values, no landowner will bear the burden of such a tax without making use of any site which is valuable enough to make the tax onerous.

"Taxes levied on things of human production (and with the exception of land all things that men own are produced by them) always fall upon the final consumer—that is, a tenant house owner gets back his taxes in the rents that he charges; if his taxes are increased, his rents are increased; if a shopkeeper's rent is increased, he in turn gets that back in the greater price of everything he sells. Now, a tax on land values cannot be looked closely into the subject, but it is paid by the land owner—that is to say, taxes on land values must be paid by the man on whom they are imposed. Taxes on everything else are always paid by the user, the consumer. And the reason is this: Taxes on the products of labor increase prices by decreasing demand, and so checking supply. For instance, you tax hats \$1 apiece. The maker of hats would stop making them unless he could add the one dollar tax to the cost of manufacture. As a matter of fact, he would not make any more hats, since he would not get them at the higher price would decrease, and the supply would be checked. On the other hand, a tax on land values could not raise the price of land by checking supply, for the reason that land, which is not a thing of human production, is fixed in quantity. And, indeed, a tax on land values would have the opposite tendency—that is, it would increase the market supply of land by compelling those who now hold land idle to put it in the market."

"A simple and significant contrast is presented by the facts that whereas the products of industry tend to decrease in price with growth of population, land values, on the contrary, constantly tend to increase with population, so much so that density of population is everywhere a reasonably accurate measure of the value of land. To a solitary settler land is useful, but it has no value until two men want it. It has a greater value when three men want it, and so on. Accordingly, in great cities land values are enormous, and the taxes created by the whole body of inhabitants are appropriated by a privileged few through a fiscal system not till now called in general question. This society, by its mere increase, finds itself provided with a great fund for social needs; and this fund, which now goes to enrich mere appropriators, it is the proposal of the new party to take by taxation for the common use.

"There is some little misfortune attending the necessary use of the word 'land,' for that term calls up in the minds of those who have not been brought into the subject the idea of the farming interest of the country. Now, when the working men of New York brought the land question to the front it was not that they wanted land to dig in with a spade. They claimed a right not only to live, but to live in New York—a right not only to land, but to the land of this city. And this right they do not propose to secure by parceling out land or by disturbing anybody's title deeds, but by taking for the use of all through the instrumentality of the tax office, the value which is created by the whole body of inhabitants, and by abolishing all other forms of taxation, direct and indirect, one after another."

II. In answer to an inquiry as to just what the central committee hopes to accomplish:

"The chief reason for the existence of this committee lies in an endeavor to give what its members, and the great body that appointed them, think is the only true direction to the new party movement. What this direction is is unmistakably pointed out in the Clarendon hall platform. To see the principles of that platform (unimpaired by local, temporary or superficial demands) generally adopted throughout the country—and they have already been adopted in the cities—would more profoundly alarm the far-sighted politicians of all the old parties than could a decade of agitation for measures, some good, some of little moment, and perhaps a few reactionary in their tendency, with men in one section demanding certain things and in another section other things."

"The cause was most fortunate in this city both in the character and firmness of the men who voted for Mr. George, and in the consciousness and precision with which their demands were phrased. It was this that so alarmed the politicians of the city, New York and spurred them to their desperate opposition to the popular revolt. Instead of the time-worn generalities, special grievances were declared and specific remedies for them proposed. The votes were here not only in 1886, but in many preceding years. To the Clarendon hall platform and to the judgment and earnestness of the leaders in the recent campaign we owe the fact that for the first time these votes were got together and put into the ballot box. The platform goes to the very root of our social injustices, proposing a reform which includes and carries with it all the more obvious correctives that lie on the surface of things."

An Enthusiastic Philanthropist.

WESTFIELD, N. J., Jan. 26.—The united labor party will create, first, consternation, then havoc among the political parties of our day, which are bound hand and foot by rum and money. You are preparing the way, however, not for your own party success, but for that of the party to which I am proud to belong—the prohibition party. Our success, which is certain in the national election of 1892, will so ameliorate the condition of the producing class the wide land over that the need of a distinct labor party will be removed. Indeed, I would fain hope that before that year of triumph your party and mine shall have joined forces in a holy crusade against the liquor traffic and its allied evils, the institutions of Utopia, the narrator declares "this form and fashion of a weale publique would I gladly wish unto all nations."

Of course More maintains the fiction that all this is told him by Hythlodæ, and he professes to dissent from it to some extent, yet in his own name he winds up with the declaration that "so much I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weale publique which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope after."

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Wm. T. CHAMBERS.

THE NEGRO IN THE NEW PARTY.

A strenuous protest from Texas—a South Carolina view.

WACO, Texas, Jan. 12.—The negroes were brought into this country against the wishes of the colonists. Virginia put a capitation tax upon each slave imported, and in her colonial legislature repeatedly protested against their continued introduction. The Chinese question to-day is exactly what the negro question was then.

The progressive democracy has in its platform invited all, without regard to race, color, or previous political affiliation, to stand upon that platform. There is an apotheosis of Jefferson in this platform, too, because he wrote the Declaration of Independence. At a recent meeting of presumably a part of this party in New York city, the vice-chairman was Ferrall, the negro member of the Home club, K. of L., which created so much trouble in Richmond by neglecting to observe an old rule of good breeding. "When in Rome do as the Romans do." Doubtless there were a great many Chinese in New York city, but no mention is made of their being provided with invitations or seats upon this very broad platform. Yet Mr. George himself cannot look upon Chinese immigration without alarm; and he is quite right.

It is, therefore, fair to concede that this wide range plank was not intended for Chinese to stand upon. Mr. Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence "that all men are created equal." Yet he complains in the same instrument that the king "has excited domestic insurrection against us;" and in a passage, afterward stricken out, he charges that the king "is now exciting those very people to rise in arms against us, and to purchase liberty which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them." Again it says: "He has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages." Mr. Jefferson evidently had no idea of endorsing the absurdity of the equality of all men in the right to govern without regard to race, color, previous condition of servitude or present condition of barbarism. This is more clearly shown in a letter written in 1777 proposing that the negroes be gradually emancipated and exported to Africa or to some part of America.

"It was, however, found," he says, "that the public mind would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it bear it even at this day. Yet the day is not distant when it must bear and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free, nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. This question has once forced itself upon the country, and it could have been settled as indicated by Jefferson. Instead, it was temporarily adjusted in a spirit of revenge, and with a view to politically throttling the white race of the south. Cain did not strike a more fratricidal blow. The negroes were freed, as they should have been, and were enfranchised, as they should not have been.

The republicans enfranchised the negroes, disfranchised the leading whites, sent down the men with carpet bags and followed them to the south, and with the aid of the freedmen, they carried out the reconstruction. For ten years the south struggled in the grip of carpet bagger and negro. Repeatedly she rose to her feet, flinging them both off. As often did Grant prostrate her with his bayonets. At last Hayes stole the presidency from Tilden, or the south stole it from Hayes and he stole it back. All of that is much mixed; but there was a trade somewhere, and the troops were sent north. The carpet baggers and negroes were sent south, and the negro vote is counted in a month it was an ancient history. And now the south snivels at the tomb of Grant, and slobbers publicly over the negro. But she puts 153 solid electoral votes into the box for the democratic party all the same, and the greater the negro vote the longer it takes to count the democratic majority. "The solid south is solid," says Don Platt in the January number of the *North American Review*, "not because of its democracy, but because of its negroes. This mass of brutal ignorance was suddenly lifted into citizenship and made the governing element by republican carpet baggers and bayonets. It (the south), was forced into a deadly antagonism by a sense of protection. And so it stands to-day, actually in favor of a personal government that would give heavy appropriations under the flag, with about as much democracy in it as is possessed by the Czar of Russia." In other words, the form of the republic is here, but the substance is gone.

Somewhat, by force, by contrivance, or by fraud, perhaps, the negro vote is counted by the whites. The republican party was actually beaten by devices it hoped would make its power perpetual. The moral effect this has and will continue to have upon the south needs not be stated. The point sought to be made is this: How absurd it is to calculate upon receiving political support by so palpable a bid for the negro vote. The south has not forgotten her nightmare of forty acres and a mule, and politically to-day she is more crafty than Machiavel. This, however, is the history of all countries that have received the world over. Nor is philanthropy, but politics, that is putting Ferrell and the race issue to the front. It is bad politics at that. If the negro is enfranchised as a citizen, an invitation to all, without regard to previous political affiliation, would embrace him. If race and color make no difference, it is bad taste and worse judgment to mention those distinctions. If they do make a difference, it is miserable truckling to bid so for such a vote.

The white race denigrates the south, and on the issues raised by the progressive democracy, the negro vote is counted by the whites. The republican party was actually beaten by devices it hoped would make its power perpetual. The moral effect this has and will continue to have upon the south needs not be stated. The point sought to be made is this: How absurd it is to calculate upon receiving political support by so palpable a bid for the negro vote. The south has not forgotten her nightmare of forty acres and a mule, and politically to-day she is more crafty than Machiavel. This, however, is the history of all countries that have received the world over. Nor is philanthropy, but politics, that is putting Ferrell and the race issue to the front. It is bad politics at that. If the negro is enfranchised as a citizen, an invitation to all, without regard to previous political affiliation, would embrace him. If race and color make no difference, it is bad taste and worse judgment to mention those distinctions. If they do make a difference, it is miserable truckling to bid so for such a vote.

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Wm. EDWARDS.

A Plea From South Carolina.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 13.—In an extract from a letter from Waco, Tex., published in THE STANDARD of Jan. 6, Mr. W. E. says that he

cannot have anything to do with a political movement that offers equal rights to the negro, but that he would be heart and soul with "land and labor" if the appeal were to white men alone.

While respecting the right of every man to his honest convictions, I cannot refrain from asking Mr. W. E. how he can reconcile these views with the fundamental principles of the platform of the land and labor party. The movement is first and last a protest against the injustice of man against man, and its object is to lift society, not from the middle, but from the very lowest point. What will be gained if we in the south lift the white population while leaving the negroes, who constitute in some states a majority of the citizens, in their present state of abject poverty and ignorance? And what right would the white workmen have to demand equal rights for themselves only to turn around and deny them to the great workmen? It is not in this spirit that great revolutions are accomplished. Had a negro approached Jesus of Nazareth, 1800 years ago, he would have taken him by the hand and called him brother. This is the spirit in which we in South Carolina, the cradle of secession, have started the land and labor movement, stretching out a helping hand to every man who respects himself, be he black, white, yellow, or green, for in elevating the negro we shall be helping ourselves. And I will venture to predict that, once fairly started with the cry of "The land for the people," bribery and intimidation will not avail against the white and black workers fighting hand and hand for their rights. This is very different from the former war of races, when the negroes were led by a few unscrupulous carpet baggers, with the whole white population against them.

BENJ. ADAMS.

FUN.

"Did you ever," said one preacher to the other, "stand at the door after your sermon and listen to what people said about it as they passed out?"

Replied he: "I did once," a pause and a sigh, "but I'll never do it again."

It is now fashionable for young ladies to be photographed in taborian costumes. When a young man received a photograph of his girl arrayed in one of those outlandish rigs he immediately broke off his marriage engagement. He said blamely if he was going to marry an Indian squaw. [Boston Herald.]

At the Grand Central. Driver: "Hansom!" Seated in front, visitor (from Kent or Waco, I imagine). "If you'd take a little 'er that air of you huger yer might pass in a crowd." [Tid-Bits.]

At the bedside. Patient—"Tell me candidly, doctor, do you think I'll pull through?" Doctor—"Oh, you are bound to get well; you can't help yourself. The *Medical Record* shows that out of one hundred cases like yours one per cent recovers invariably." Patient—"That's a cheerful prospect." Doctor—"Ninety-nine cases and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try. There's no humbug about statistics." [Texas Sittings.]

Prof. Proctor estimates that in 16,000,000 years there will not be a drop of water left on the face of the earth. Kentucky will have a long time to wait for her golden age. [Washington Hatchet.]

Mr. Gladstone gets \$1,000 for a magazine article. The magazine articles turned off by Mr. Gladstone come very much higher. [Boston Transcript.]

Mrs. A.—Mrs. B. is very ill. Dr. Gabbitt tells me, Mrs. C.—Indeed, what is her complaint? Mrs. A.—Pneumonia, I believe. Mrs. C.—I don't believe a word of it! It's just like her boastfulness. Depend upon it, she's only pretending she has the pneumonia, just to make people think she is in the habit of going into high society, where wearing dress is indispensable. [Boston Transcript.]

Teacher—Johnny, you may tell me what the feminine of hero is. Johnny—Shero. [Tid-Bits.]

A Philadelphia Episode.—Young Mrs. B.—Do tell me, Dr. Grisel, in a really scientific way, do you consider our Schuylkill water either healthy or fit to drink? Dr. G. (who holds a political appointment on the board of health)—Viewed in the light of a beverage, its wholesome qualities are abused by many; but if taken by the spoonful, and properly chewed, it is both nutritious and licothemic. [Life.]

At Dinner.—Young Hostess—I must show you my baby. Mr. Brown: are you fond of them? Brown (absent minded)—Yes—oh yes, but I haven't eaten any lately. [Life.]

One colored hunter to another—"Hold on dar, Abie. You'll strain dat gun fust thing you knows tryin' ter shoot dat duck so fur off, an' de weapon nebbber will be no mo' count." [Texas Sittings.]

Mr. Isaac—"Mine frendt, gant I sell you a sude off misit glodings? Peings idn you, I'll magke 'em twenty bent below gost." Mezinis—"Indade yer can't. When Oif want a misit Oif go to me tailor and have it made to order." [Texas Sittings.]

She (to young poet)—"How much do you get for your poems, Charley? Charley (with pride)—"From \$2 to \$3." She—"Well, isn't that very little? I see that Sir Walter Scott got \$10,000 for one of his." Charley—"Yes, but you see writing poetry isn't the business it used to be. There's too much competition." [New York Sun.]

PRESS OPINIONS.

The railroads of this country are on top, and the managers thereof have their feet on the necks of the people. [St. Louis Mo., New Order.]

In our view no class of men are more interested or better prepared to take a long step in advance on the land question than the farmers. What does the future promise to the farmer's children, the children of the pioneer who has struggled for years to raise them, only to find land values so increased that they, like himself, must leave friends and the comforts of civilized society for western doings and all because while he toiled the speculator stood by ready to grasp the adjoining lands which the industry and enterprise of the farmer is making valuable, and which should in justice be open for the occupancy of his children. [Omaha, Neb., Truth.]

There is lots of talk now-a-days about "railroads paying taxes," and there are lots of people who really believe that railroads really do pay taxes. Such people forget that taxes on railroads come out of freights and freights come out of farmers. Then who pays the taxes? Thumb to nose and wiggle fingers to the men who say that railroads pay taxes. [Kirklin, Kan., Independent.]

The bomb-slinging anarchists of Chicago blew up a half score of policemen. The senatorial anarchists of New Jersey have undertaken to blow up an entire commonwealth. The former are under sentence of death, but for the latter there is no punishment. [Philadelphia Record.]

The New York Tribune "regrets" the passage of the interstate commerce bill. So do Jay Gould, Leland Stanford and C. P. Huntington. They also believe "it is not a wise measure," but they are not quite as sure as the *Tribune* appears to be that "it will certainly do less to carry out the wishes of the farmers than it will to carry out the wishes of the speculators." [Rockester Post-Express.]

Wool that costs from 35 to 55 cents a pound is a rather dear article to come under the heading of "waste." But then this "waste" is imported at a duty of ten cents a pound, while woolen yarn, which has no higher value to

The Master of the Sheepfold.

De massa ob de sheepfold?
 De guard de sheepfold bin,
 Look out in de gloomier meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he call de sheepfold shepherds,
 In my sheepfold is de all come in.
 Oh, den say de sheepfold shepherds,
 De sheepfold is de all come in,
 And some, dey's po' of weathers,
 But dey's dey's all bring in,
 De der's dey's all bring in.

THE BISHOP AND THE OUTCAST.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

(Continued from last week.)

After having said good-night to his sister, Monsieur Bienvenu took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him: "Monsieur, I will show you to your room." The man followed him.

The house was so arranged that one could reach the alcove in the oratory only by passing through the bishop's sleeping chamber. Just as they were passing through this room Madame Magloire was putting up the silver in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was the last thing she did every night before going to bed.

The bishop left his guest in the alcove before a clean white bed. The man set down the candlestick upon a small table. "Come," said the bishop, "a good night's rest to you! Tomorrow morning, before you go, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thank you, monsieur l'abbé," said the man. Scarcely had he pronounced these words of peace when suddenly he made a singular motion which would have chilled the two good women of the house with horror had they witnessed it. Even now it is hard for us to understand what impulse he obeyed at the moment. Did he intend to give a warning or to throw out a menace? Or was he simply obeying a sort of instinctive impulse, obscure even to himself? He turned abruptly toward the old man, crossed his arms, and casting a wild look at his host, exclaimed in a harsh voice: "Ah, you indeed! You lodge me in your house. As you say that!"

He checked himself and added with a laugh in which there was something horrible: "Have you reflected upon it? Who tells you that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop responded: "God will take care of that."

Then with gravity, moving his lips like one praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and blessed the man, who, however, did not bow; and without turning his head or looking behind him, went into his chamber.

When the alcove was occupied a heavy serge curtain was drawn in the oratory, concealing the altar. Before this curtain the bishop knelt, as he passed out and offered a short prayer.

A moment afterward he was walking in the garden, surrendering mind and soul to a dreamy contemplation of those grand and mysterious words of God which night makes visible to the eye.

As to the man, he so completely exhausted that he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets; he blew out the candle with his nostril, after the manner of convicts, and fell on the bed, dressed as he was, into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop came back to his chamber.

A few moments afterward all in the little house slept.

As the cathedral clock struck two Jean Valjean awoke.

What awakened him was—too good a bed. For nearly twenty years he had not slept in a bed, and although he had not undressed, the sensation was too novel not to disturb his sleep.

He had slept something more than four hours. His fatigue had passed away. He was not accustomed to give many hours to repose.

He opened his eyes, and looked for a moment into the obscurity about him, then he closed them to go to sleep again.

When many diverse sensations have disturbed the day when the mind is preoccupied, we can fall asleep once, but not a second time. Sleep comes at first much more readily than it comes again. Such was the case with Jean Valjean. He could not get to sleep again, and so he began to think.

He was in one of those moods in which the least we have in our minds are disturbed. There was a kind of sadness and gloom in his brain. His oldest and his latest memories floated about pell mell and crossed each other confusedly, losing their own shapes, swelling beyond measure, then disappearing all at once, as if in a muddy and troubled stream.

Many thoughts came to him, but there was one which continually presented itself and which drove away all others. What that thought was he shall tell directly. He had noticed the six silver plates and the large ladle that Madame Magloire had put on the table.

Those six silver plates took possession of him. They were within a few steps. At the very moment that he passed through the middle room to reach the one he was now in the old servant was placing them in a little cupboard at the head of the bed. He had marked that cupboard.

The right coming from the dining-room. They were solid and old silver. With the big ladle they would bring at least two hundred francs, the value which he had got for nineteen years' labor. True, there would have been a full moon, "government" had not robbed him.

His mind wandered a whole hour, and a long one in fluctuation and in struggle. The clock struck three. He opened his eyes, rose up, leaning on his bed, and felt his hand on his breast, which he had put into the corner of the alcove, then he thrust out his legs and placed his feet on the floor and found himself, he knew not how, seated on his bed.

He remained for some time lost in thought in the attitude which would have had a rather ominous look had any one seen him there in the dusk—he only awake in the slumbering house. All at once he stooped down, took off his shoes and put them softly upon the mat in front of the bed, then he resumed his thinking posture and was still again.

In that tedious meditation, the ideas which we have been pointing out troubled his brain without ceasing, entered, departed, returned, and became a sort of weight upon him; and then he thought, to be sure, not why, and with that mechanical obstinacy that belongs to a reverie, of a convict named Brevet, whom he had known in the galleys, and whose trousers were only held up by a single knit cotton suspender. The checked pattern of that suspender came continually before his mind.

He continued in this situation, and would perhaps have remained there until daybreak, had not the clock struck four, and the night window was not very dark, and a full moon, across which large clouds were driving before the wind. This produced alternations of light and shade, out of doors eclipses and illuminations, and indoors a kind of glimmer.

glimmer, enough to give a full moon, away, changing with the passing clouds, by a kind of sort of light, which falls through the window of a dungeon before which men are passing and repassing. On reaching the window Jean Valjean examined

it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened, according to the fashion of the country, with a little wedge only. He opened it; but as the cold, keen air rushed into the room he closed it again immediately. He looked into the garden with that absorbed look which studies rather than sees. The garden was indeed a garden with a white wall, quite low, and readily scaled. Beyond, against the sky, he distinguished the tops of trees at equal distances apart, which showed that this wall separated the garden from an avenue or a lane planted with trees.

Then he took this observation, he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his haversack, opened it, fumbled in it, took out something which he laid upon the bed, put his shoes into one of his pockets, tied up his bundle, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap, and pulled the visor over his eyes, felt for his stick, and went and put it in the corner of the window, then returned to the bed, and resolutely took up the object which he had laid on it. It looked like a short iron bar, pointed at one end like a spear.

It would have been hard to distinguish in the darkness for what use this piece of iron had been made. Could it be a lever? Could it be a handle? In the daytime it would have been seen to be nothing but a miner's drill. At that time the convicts were sometimes employed in quarrying stone on the high hills that surround Toulon, and they often had miner's tools in their pockets. Miners' drills, which are iron, terminating at the lower end in a point, by means of which they are sunk into the rock.

He took the drill in his right hand, and holding his breath, with steady steps he moved toward the door of the alcove, which was the door of the room, as we know. On reaching the door he found it unlatched. The bishop had not closed it.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound.

He pushed the door with the end of his finger, with the stealthy and timorous carefulness of a cat. The door yielded to the pressure with a silent, imperceptible movement, which made the opening a little wider.

He waited a minute, and then pushed the door again more boldly.

It yielded gradually and silently. The opening was now wide enough for him to pass through, but there was a small table near the door, which he formed a troublesome angle, and which barred the entrance.

Jean Valjean saw the obstacle. At all hazards the opening must be made still wider. He so determined and pushed the door a third time, harder than before. This time a rumbling sound, which he heard into the darkness, a harsh and prolonged creak.

Jean Valjean listened. The noise of this hinge sounded in his ears as clear and terrible as the trumpet of the Judgment day.

In the faintest exaggeration of the first moment, he had imagined that this hinge had become animate and suddenly endowed with a terrible life, and that it was barking like a dog to warn everybody and rouse the sleepers.

He stopped, shuddering and distracted, and dropped from his lips to his feet. He felt the pulses of his temples beat like triphammers, and it appeared to him that his breath came from his chest with the roar of wind from a cavern. It seemed impossible that the horrible sound of this hinge had not shaken the whole house with the shock of an earthquake. The door pushed by him had taken the alarm and had called out: the old man would arise; the two old women would arise; the whole house would be on its feet; and the town would be alive with it and the gendarmes in pursuit. For a moment he thought he was lost.

He stood still, petrified like the pillar of salt, not daring to stir. Some minutes passed, and he ventured to look into the room. Nothing had moved. He listened. Nothing was stirring in the house. The noise of the rusty hinge had awakened nobody.

This first danger was over, but still he felt within him a frightful tumult. Nevertheless he did not flinch. Not even when he thought he was lost had he flinched. His only thought was to make an end of it quickly. He took one step and was in the room.

He looked at the table. Here and there, in the confusion of forms could be distinguished, which by day, were papers scattered over a table; open folios, books piled on a stool, an arm chair with clothes on it, a prie-dieu, now were in dark corners and whiskers. Jean Valjean advanced, carefully avoiding the furniture. At the further end of the room he could hear the equal and quiet breathing of the sleeping bishop.

Suddenly he stopped—he was near the bed, he had reached it, he was alone.

Nature sometimes joins her effects and her appearances to our acts with a sort of serious and intelligent appropriateness, as if she would compel us to reflect. For nearly a half hour of sleep he had dreamed the sky. At the moment when Jean Valjean passed before the bed the cloud broke as if purposely, and a ray of moonlight crossing the high window, suddenly lighted up the bishop's pale face. He slept tranquilly. He was almost undressed, though he lay on a bed of woollen garments which covered his arms to the wrists. His head had fallen on the pillow in the unsteady attitude of slumber; over the side of his head, his hand, ornamented with the pastoral ring, and which had done so many good deeds, so many pious acts. His entire countenance was lit up with a vague expression of content, hope and happiness. It was more than a smile and almost a radiance. One could read the rest of the indecipherable reflection of an unseen light. The souls of the upright have vision in sleep of a mysterious heaven.

A reflection from this heaven shone upon the bishop.

But it was also a luminous transparency; for this heaven was within him; this heaven was his conscience.

At the instant when the moonbeam overlay, so to speak, this inward radiance, the sleeping bishop awoke in his bed. But it was not a waking, and he did not open his eyes. The moon, in the sky, nature drowsing, the garden without a pulse, the quiet house, the hour, the moment, the silence, added something strangely solemn and unutterable to the venerable rest of this man and enveloped his white locks and his closed eyes with a serene and majestic glory, this face where all was hope and confidence—this old man's head and infant's slumber.

There was something of divinity almost in this man, thus unconsciously august.

Jean Valjean was in the shadow with the iron drill in his hand, erect, motionless, terrified at this radiant figure. He had never seen anything comparable to it. This confidence in the moral world has no greater spectacle than this; a troubled and restless conscience on the verge of committing an evil deed, contemplating the sleep of a good man.

This sleep in this solitude, with a neighbor such as he, contained a touch of the sublime which he felt vaguely, but powerfully.

None could have told what was within him, not even himself. To attempt to realize it the utmost violence must be imagined in the presence of the most extreme delirium. In his face nothing could be distinguished with certainty. It was a sort of haggard astonishment. He saw it; that was all. But what were his thoughts? It would have been impossible to guess. It was clear that he was moved and agitated. But of what nature was this emotion?

He did not raise his eyes from the old man. The only thing which was plain from his attitude and his countenance was a strange anxiety. He would have said he was hesitating between two realms—that of the damned and that of us saved. He appeared ready either to cleave this skull or to kiss this hand.

In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his hat, then letting his hand fall with the same slowness Jean Valjean resumed his contemplations, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right, and his hair brushing on his face-looking ahead.

Such a frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profound peace.

The crucifix above the mantelpiece was dimly visible in the moonlight, apparently extending its arms toward both, with a benediction to the dark and pale man, and to the other, across which large clouds were driving before the wind. This produced alternations of light and shade, out of doors eclipses and illuminations, and indoors a kind of glimmer.

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He did not raise his eyes from the old man. The only thing which was plain from his attitude and his countenance was a strange anxiety. He would have said he was hesitating between two realms—that of the damned and that of us saved. He appeared ready either to cleave this skull or to kiss this hand.

In a few moments he raised his left hand slowly to his forehead and took off his hat, then letting his hand fall with the same slowness Jean Valjean resumed his contemplations, his cap in his left hand, his club in his right, and his hair brushing on his face-looking ahead.

Such a frightful gaze the bishop still slept in profound peace.

The crucifix above the mantelpiece was dimly visible in the moonlight, apparently extending its arms toward both, with a benediction to the dark and pale man, and to the other, across which large clouds were driving before the wind. This produced alternations of light and shade, out of doors eclipses and illuminations, and indoors a kind of glimmer.

glimmer, enough to give a full moon, away, changing with the passing clouds, by a kind of sort of light, which falls through the window of a dungeon before which men are passing and repassing. On reaching the window Jean Valjean examined

it. It had no bars, opened into the garden, and was fastened, according to the fashion of the country, with a little wedge only. He opened it; but as the cold, keen air rushed into the room he closed it again immediately. He looked into the garden with that absorbed look which studies rather than sees. The garden was indeed a garden with a white wall, quite low, and readily scaled. Beyond, against the sky, he distinguished the tops of trees at equal distances apart, which showed that this wall separated the garden from an avenue or a lane planted with trees.

Then he took this observation, he turned like a man whose mind is made up, went to his alcove, took his haversack, opened it, fumbled in it, took out something which he laid upon the bed, put his shoes into one of his pockets, tied up his bundle, swung it upon his shoulders, put on his cap, and pulled the visor over his eyes, felt for his stick, and went and put it in the corner of the window, then returned to the bed, and resolutely took up the object which he had laid on it. It looked like a short iron bar, pointed at one end like a spear.

It would have been hard to distinguish in the darkness for what use this piece of iron had been made. Could it be a lever? Could it be a handle? In the daytime it would have been seen to be nothing but a miner's drill. At that time the convicts were sometimes employed in quarrying stone on the high hills that surround Toulon, and they often had miner's tools in their pockets. Miners' drills, which are iron, terminating at the lower end in a point, by means of which they are sunk into the rock.

He took the drill in his right hand, and holding his breath, with steady steps he moved toward the door of the alcove, which was the door of the room, as we know. On reaching the door he found it unlatched. The bishop had not closed it.

Jean Valjean listened. Not a sound.

He pushed the door with the end of his finger, with the stealthy and timorous carefulness of a cat. The door yielded to the pressure with a silent, imperceptible movement, which made the opening a little wider.

He waited a minute, and then pushed the door again more boldly.

It yielded gradually and silently. The opening was now wide enough for him to pass through, but there was a small table near the door, which he formed a troublesome angle, and which barred the entrance.

Jean Valjean saw the obstacle. At all hazards the opening must be made still wider. He so determined and pushed the door a third time, harder than before. This time a rumbling sound, which he heard into the darkness, a harsh and prolonged creak.

Jean Valjean listened. The noise of this hinge sounded in his ears as clear and terrible as the trumpet of the Judgment day.

In the faintest exaggeration of the first moment, he had imagined that this hinge had become animate and suddenly endowed with a terrible life, and that it was barking like a dog to warn everybody and rouse the sleepers.

He stopped, shuddering and distracted, and dropped from his lips to his feet. He felt the pulses of his temples beat like triphammers, and it appeared to him that his breath came from his chest with the roar of wind from a cavern. It seemed impossible that the horrible sound of this hinge had not shaken the whole house with the shock of an earthquake. The door pushed by him had taken the alarm and had called out: the old man would arise; the two old women would arise; the whole house would be on its feet; and the town would be alive with it and the gendarmes in pursuit. For a moment he thought he was lost.

He stood still, petrified like the pillar of salt, not daring to stir. Some minutes passed, and he ventured to look into the room. Nothing had moved. He listened. Nothing was stirring in the house. The noise of the rusty hinge had awakened nobody.

JOSEPH WORKMAN'S SHOPMATE.

How He Looks on Things Now.

I met my old acquaintance Billon yesterday near City Hall park. Before the war he made a living by shoving a jack-plane, and he and I worked in the same shop. Somehow he managed to get into the shoddy business, and after awhile became one of the masters of the "rig."

"Well," said he, "you seem to be kicking around yet, and I don't s'pose you're any better off now than you were a year ago."

He was just going to step into his coupe, but I laid my hand on his sleeve and said, "How do you expect a poor man to be better off this year than he was a year ago, when things are as they are?"

"Bib! that's all bosh," said he, leaning against the door of the coupe. "Things are all right. They suit me well enough, anyhow, and if you'd only do as I have done, Josh, you'd be doing."

I looked at the crafty millionaire, and said: "Billon, 'tisn't everybody can do as you have done, and, 'twixt ourselves, I don't believe everybody wants to."

He laughed, and said: "I thank you for the compliment. I don't believe everybody's got brains or nerve enough to do what I have done."

"Billon," said I, as he leaned shivering against the coupe, "have you given one thought these cold, bitter winter days to the fact that there are thousands of deserving people in this city who are at this moment suffering for want of the commonest necessities of life?"

"It's their own fault in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred," said Billon. "There's a screw loose somewhere. Nobody's got any business to be poor in this world. Let 'em do as I have done and they'll soon get over their sufferings and stop their growling."

"Does it ever occur to you, Billon," I asked, "that the poor have rights which the rich ought to respect?"

"Respect them for what?" said he. "I do respect them. I respect them just so far as they can do the work for me that I want them to do. That's all; and it's all humbug to say that they are entitled to any more respect than that I've got enough to do. I take care of myself. Let them take care of themselves."

"But you must admit," said I, "that much, if not the greater part of the existing poverty, is the result of the accumulation of immense fortunes in the hands of the few."

"I won't admit any such thing," he said. "It's all their own fault; you can bet your bottom dollar on that."

I thought of my humble apartments in a cheap flat, and I also thought of Billon's grand mansion on Fifth avenue, with its retinue of servants, its many comforts and extravagant luxuries.

"I haven't got a bottom dollar, Billon," said I. "That's what I want for the rent a day or two ago, when I would have been dispossessed if I hadn't raked enough together to pay it."

"Well, you managed to get it, didn't you?" he said, looking me full in the face with his cold, sunken eyes. "You got it, and you've got a bed to sleep in. That's as much as I've got, when it comes to that."

"Yes," said I, "thank heaven I've got that; but the shop where I worked shut down just before the holidays, and since then I've been unable to get work at all."

"Phaw! Josh," said he. "You're strong and hearty, and something will turn up again after a while. I reckon you weren't cut out for a tramp."

"Look here, Billon," said I. "So long as I can keep on my legs and hunt for work I shall try not to be a tramp. I am willing and able to work, and I hope that something will turn up for me before long. But look at the thousands who are even worse off than I am. Tenants, broken down in health, turned homeless into the streets—many of them by landlords to whom they had paid rent for months and perhaps for years. And yet—"

"You can't work on my feelings in that way, Josh," he said, "so you might as well change the subject."

But I was in no mood to change the subject, and said: "And yet I read in the paper yesterday that the wife of a senator appeared at a White House reception last week wearing \$500,000 worth of diamonds, and thousands out of work and starvation going on all over the country."

He straightened up, thrusting his hands into his pockets, said: "S'pose she did; who got 'em for her? Her husband, of course, and he was smart to get 'em, Josh."

"But how did he get 'em?" I asked. "It's nobody's business how he got 'em," said Billon. "He got 'em anyhow."

"But it is somebody's business," said I. "It's the people's business."

He laughed and said: "Well, I can only say what another once said on that subject and that is, 'The people be d—d!'"

"But the people won't be d—d forever," said I. "The people are at last awake. They are beginning to know something about the causes of the evils that beset them. The light has broken up upon them, and through it they see the infamous railroad rascalities, the terrible effect of monopolies, the inequities of corporation power, and the corruption of legislation. They see that they are crushed beneath the iron heel of those who have no heart, no soul, no proper regard for the toilers, who are the real builders of the property of the country and the actual makers of the capital which a few have gobbled up."

"Josh, you talk like a statesman," said the millionaire. "Why don't you rush into politics and go to the state legislature?"

I answered that I wasn't cut out for a politician, and that all I wanted was work and fair wages.

"You're a fool," he said. "You just get elected to the legislature and get on some reform committee. You'll find it will pay you better in one term than all your work and wages for twenty years. Take my advice, Josh. I know how it is myself. I ain't ashamed to say that I have worked things up there and will probably do so again if I find it pays."

"Bribery?" said I.

LABOR.

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